



Chapter 0053

Grace

A few days passed since we went through the pack and company set up. I couldn't believe how few changes I had to make to free up enough money to pay for some of the debts. I might be able to keep that five hundred million that was free and clear from Charles as working capital. 2

Once again, I woke up rested and ready for the day.

The early morning sun cast a soft glow over the tranquil landscape outside my window. Rays of light danced across the dew-kissed grass, painting a scene of serenity that contrasted the storm of thoughts swirling within me. I walked to the window and looked down. My mouth went dry and my whole body felt like I was boiling.

In the midst of this tranquil setting, Charles was a force of nature, his powerful form cutting through the morning air with each stride.

I bit my lip, watching him and wishing I was on the ground floor. He was running with an effortless grace that seemed to defy the laws of nature. My gaze traced the contours of his form, the play of muscles beneath his skin, and the subtle sheen of sweat that glistened in the sunlight.

I quickly realized that I was indulging in a sight that demanded my attention far more than I was comfortable admitting.

Memories of the heat of his body against mine flashed through my mind. I was already wet. My body was aching for release. I glanced at the clock. I still had time. Cecil wouldn't be awake just yet, and Charles had probably already fed Richard if he'd woken up early.



I went to my bedside table, my fingers closed around the smooth surface of my trusted vibrator. My gut churned with anticipation as I threw myself onto the bed and struggled out of my underwear, bunching my sleeping gown up to my ribs. I was feverish and desperate. I slowly turned it on, biting my lip to muffle the soft whimper that escaped me. It was like all the desire I'd had that night was rushing through me, built up since then and intensified. The strength of his character, the warm, rough cadence of his voice. As I lay back, I closed off the sound of the world and focused on his voice in my mind, calling my name.

The feeling of his hands on my skin. I followed it with my own, pinching my nipple as the vibrations grew more intense, but it wasn't enough. I worked the vibrator back and forth, reaching and reaching for release, but I couldn't reach it. The subtle hum of pleasure filling me, buzzing in my room wasn't enough. I cursed throwing the vibrator aside and working myself over with my fingers. I turned to bite into my pillow as I pushed my fingers into my tight, wet heat. The pleasure made me shudder. I thrust my hand frantically, imagining what it would have been if I had let him just have me on that couch before damning myself to not having him at all.

I could feel his mouth slipping down my chest, heading down. I choked on the sharp, almost painful orgasm that ripped through me as I added a third finger.

The orgasm faded slowly. The world came back to me slowly.

Then, I heard Richard crying.

I threw myself out of bed and rushed down the hall. Richard's cries grew louder with every step.

When I got through the door, I saw him. Charles was there. His sweaty and musky scent filled the air. This close, I could see the sweat snaking down from his hair and how his running clothe clung to his body. He exuded a raw masculinity that was impossible to ignore. My pulse quickened as he went stiff and turned around slowly. His nose flared and his gaze dragged over me, burning bright, bloody red. Charles' gaze met mine, and his eyes held a knowing glint. The space between us was charged with unspoken desires, a tension that seemed to hang in the air, waiting for the inevitable moment when it would reach its breaking point.

Now? Would he put Richard down and pull me into a room and pick up where we left off? I couldn't say if I wanted him to break his word or not.

"I've got Richard," he said. His voice was rough and low, nearly a growl. He looked like he was barely holding himself in place. "You take a moment to... clean up." [1](#)

I shook my head. "He's my son, I—"



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